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SOME PASTORS AND PASTORATES DURING THE CENTURY OF PRESBYTERIANISM IN ILLINOIS.

JAMES GORE KING McClure.

In the writings of Walter Scott there is a character forever to be remembered. There actually was a man—Robert Paterson—who from pure love of noble lives spent his years in endeavoring to perpetuate their memory. Accompanied by a little white horse, he was wont to visit all the church yards in the Highlands of Scotland, search among the grass until he found the stones that marked the graves of the worthies and then with chisel and hammer clean the stones and cut deeper into them the names of these worthies—men who had lived and perhaps suffered in the cause of pure religion. People called him “Old Mortality”, and it was no infrequent sight in traversing a moor to see him, with his pony browsing at his side, hard at work, making some deserted grave stone of the wilds tell again its story of Christian service. Motives of sincere devotion induced him to dedicate many years to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. Sir Walter tells us he considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon light which was to inspire future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

In much the same spirit as that of Old Mortality I address myself to the task committed to me—to make live again the men who in the pastorates within the present Synod of Illinois during the past century did splendidly, built permanently and left us a stimulating example. This task is peculiarly agreeable to me. One special utterance of Christ has always been at the center of my heart: “Others have labored and ye are entered into their labors.” Our debt to the past *may* be for-

gotten. But if it *is* forgotten we lose out of our lives all appreciation of those who dared and died in our behalf, and we deny ourselves one of the most elevating and sanctifying influences that can enter into our being. There is nothing that I would rather do than meet appropriately the privilege now granted me.

As I undertake this privilege I note two interesting facts. One is that the Presbyterian form of government is such that it does not tend to produce super-man personalities. In our form of government every pastor is the equal of every other. No one can lord it over another either in title or in fact. We all stand upon the same level. The man who has a parish of twenty souls has a vote that is equal to the vote of the man who has a parish of a thousand souls: he has the same rights on the floor of Presbytery and Synod, he may speak his sentiments with equal frankness and (best of all) he may expect that his sentiments if they are wise, will have exactly as much influence as the sentiments of any other. The Presbyterian Church has meant to be a church of the people, a church indeed with a message high as heaven's King but with a fellowship low as earth's multitudes. Its purpose has been to avoid anything and everything that savored of aristocracy. We should accordingly expect, as we survey the annals of the past, that while there are thousands of pastors who have blessed their day and place, there will be few of outstanding prominence. In this fact lies our glory.

The second fact is this. It is utterly impossible to name in a few minutes all the men who in the twelve Presbyteries of this Synod have been true and noble pastors. I would be glad to call the roll of every one who with a loving pastor's heart (and to me there is nothing on earth so conducive to the world's good as a loving pastor's heart) has prayed and toiled and labored for souls, and place a wreath forever upon him—but that cannot be. All I can do is to select—with inadequate discrimination—a few pastors who have lived and died, and through these few give suggestion of the contribution rendered to the Church and to the State, to religion and to education, to morality and to general welfare, by all.

First, I introduce Benjamin Franklin Spilman, pastor of the oldest Presbyterian Church in Illinois, the Church at

Sharon organized in the fall of 1816. The church building was of hewed logs. It had one window—of four small panes of glass. This window was at the side of the pulpit. Whatever light was denied the people, it was evidently felt that the preacher needed help from heaven. A hearth of flat rock laid in the floor near the center of the house served for burning charcoal in zero weather. It was here in 1829 that Mr. Spilman was ordained and installed. As he knelt for ordination, he thriftily took a white silk handkerchief from his pocket and spread it on the floor. He was a typical man of the time. He was accustomed to say that when he commenced preaching his library consisted of three volumes, a Confession of Faith, a Bible and a Hymn Book. But they were enough. With them he wrought mightily. It is true he remained but a little time at Sharon, he served also the church at Shawneetown, which at the beginning of his work consisted of one member, called in those days “a female”. As yet, in such records, a person had not obtained the name of “woman.” His saddle was his study. The captains of the Lord in those days were largely of the cavalry. In that saddle he in a period of six years traveled 3,688 miles and in that saddle in the same period he prepared 659 sermons. For a time he was the only Presbyterian minister connected with the General Assembly residing and statedly laboring in this State. His method of conducting the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was to hold services for four days and to hold such services twice a year. He organized some twenty churches. He was given to hospitality. If unexpected guests came to his small frame house—which had one bed, he would divide the bedding, leaving half on the bed where his guests might rest, while the other half was deposited on the floor for himself and wife.

This pastor was a thoughtful, scholarly, prayerful man. He was a man of education, a graduate of a college, a student of theology. His salary was meager. When he was visiting all the Presbyterian churches of Illinois and the western part of Indiana as agent of the Western Foreign Missionary Society at Pittsburgh, his salary for the year was \$300 and his traveling expenses, \$45.18. Wherever he went he brought en-

largement of vision and understanding of truth. His heart was burdened with solicitude for souls, and revivals waited on his ministry.

While this Benjamin F. Spilman, is often spoken of as the father of Presbyterianism in his own portion of Illinois, Salmon Giddings, is similarly designated for another portion. He preached as early as 1816 in Kaskaskia. It is true he never became a settled pastor in Illinois, but he organized seven churches in Illinois—and helped start the influences which made ready for pastorates by others. The condition at Edwardsville when he came there is illuminating. Such a person as the widow of the Rev. Dr. John Blair Smith, at one time President of Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, came to Edwardsville in 1817, and she was there eighteen months before she heard a single sermon preached. But it was of such people as herself and of people of Scotch Irish descent that Salmon Giddings formed his seven churches. How this man became a Presbyterian is illustrative. He was a Congregationalist when he started from New England, but without any ecclesiastical procedure he became a Presbyterian minister—simply in traveling from New England to the Mississippi.

Here I rest your thought a minute while I explain how it was that ministers settled in Illinois, what conditions they found and what hardships they met. Representatives of missionary societies had come all the way from the east on horseback and had penetrated Southern Illinois—and then had sent back word, or had taken back word, of the number of people here, their lack of religious privileges and their immorality. "This country", they said, "is desperately destitute of Bibles. In Kaskaskia, a place containing from 80 to 100 families, there are, it is thought, not more than four or five Bibles." River towns were apt to have many rough characters in them. Sunday was a day of business and money-making. It was no easy task for a church to organize and then proclaim standards and observances entirely different from those in vogue. Ministers had dangers to meet from swollen rivers which they swam, with their horses and saddle bags, in all seasons, and from prairie storms which often blinded the eyes of man and beast alike and in which they became lost. There were perils

too from Indians in some parts. The log cabin manse in many instances was a place of exposure.

But there was a remnant of people—from Virginia, Pennsylvania and Kentucky,—who could be depended upon. It was indeed largely Scotch-Irish—of whom a keen witted Celt once said, “When the potato crop and all other crops fail, the Scotch-Irish can live on the Shorter Catechism and the Sabbath.” Though they were living on the Shorter Catechism and the Sabbath, and were living well, well enough at least to nourish their backbone, they were ready for other food and they welcomed the coming of the preacher and stood by him in his work. Perhaps they could not spell any better than Daniel Boone when he wrote of his killing a bear, “cilled a bear”, but though they were without book education they had clear visions of duty, and firm convictions of right and determined allegiance to God—and they did not fail. In those days when two men met and stopped to talk they stood back to back to watch both directions for the lurking Indian, and in those same days those very men put back to back with the minister and gave him a sense of security and power.

Now we come to a third name—John M. Ellis, who was installed pastor of the church at Jacksonville in 1830. The missionary spirit was in his veins. He had intended to go to India, but he heard of this western country with its rapidly increasing population and its lack of religious institutions, and he reasoned that if America could be made godly, its power for affecting the heathen world would be augmented. It was to increase America’s moral force that he made his way from Boston in six weeks (the Ohio being low) to Illinois. He had been charged at the East to build up “an institution of learning which should bless the west for all time.” Visiting Jacksonville in 1828 he was charmed with the place and the people and finally bought 80 acres of land and set stakes for a building. Then he sent out a letter describing the purpose to erect a seminary of learning. It reached Yale College. The result was that seven young men decided to take up residence in Illinois and have part in the building of a college.

Let us remember that there were no schools for the higher education of young women at that time in this state except the convents in the old French settlements. It was therefore a

new move when Mrs. Ellis took pupils into her own home in anticipation of the building of a Female Academy, that home being a log cabin of one story, eighteen by twenty feet, and trained them. A woman of sensitive refinement and of elegant accomplishments she made that home a place of refreshment to every one who entered it. She had fine poetic taste and superior culture. She was the prototype and expression of the pastor's wife in the hundreds of churches later to spring up in Illinois—the pastor's wife to whom this Synod owes as much in many ways as to the pastor himself—the unproclaimed influence that sustained his faith and courage, gave balance to his judgment and won the devotion of his people. Mrs. Ellis died at her post, with unflinching courage. Hers was a martyrdom indeed.

The pastorate of Mr. Ellis was brief—but it helped start a movement characteristic of Presbyterianism in this state as in all states—the movement of education. Mr. Ellis was an outspoken man whose words sometimes cut deep. He issued a statement describing the uneducated ministry in Illinois—which was resented by some ministers—but it was probably true concerning persons of some communions who possessed zeal and noise, but not knowledge. His pastorate started the educational development of this Synod, which has advanced into so many strong and useful institutions and which is a safe guard to our homes and our churches.

It is right that at this point a new element should be introduced, the pastorate as it appeared in the Presbyterian body which was called by others "Cumberland", as the first disciples of Jesus were called by others "Christian"—terms which each body allowed to remain attached as distinctive, in a way. The origin of this body must be traced to the great revivals which moved through the Cumberland valleys and mountains and affected adjoining portions of the country. These revivals were marked by great power. Oftentimes audiences of hundreds, gathered in the open country, were swayed by an influence that could be accounted for only as divine. Men and women became conscious of their sinfulness, and then accepted God's forgiveness with complete consecration of their lives. The warmth of their conviction was fervid. In many cases while listening to preaching they were

seized by a jerking agitation of their bodies and they fell to the ground—coming to consciousness in due time with an abounding faith in Christ and with a determined purpose to serve him. So far as I am aware, no careful student of these scenes has ever been able to explain them apart from the working of God.

It is an historic coincidence that the man who organized the First Presbyterian Church of Illinois at Sharon in 1816, the Rev. James McGready, was the main instrument of the revival influences out of which grew the Cumberland Presbyterian Church—whom the Kentucky synod suspended from the ministry for endorsing the revival measures and sympathizing with the fathers, doctrines and measures of the Cumberland Presbyterians (Logan, H. of C. Ch. ch. 24). So far as I can learn, the first Cumberland pastor was Rev. David Wilson McKin who in 1818 settled in this state and organized the first regular congregation, the Hopewell, now Enfield Church. He was a convert of the revival of 1800. He learned the tailor trade and at times during his whole life worked at his trade when in need of support for his family. He often came home from preaching tired, and sat up all night laboring to secure subsistence for his family before starting out on another missionary tour. He preached at times in a mixed jean suit, but a spectator declared he was the neatest man he ever saw. He preached with vigor and with beauty. He organized many churches. He had appointments far and near, in churches, schools and private houses. He had a camp meeting ground near his church. In those days people came from a hundred miles around. An acre or more was set apart for the tents. Everyone expected to be blessed. Preaching on the "Pure River and the Tree of Life" he was so brilliant that the concourse burst into loud hallelujahs. They seemed to see the glory depicted. The preacher sprang from the pulpit, conversions followed, multitudes traced their salvation to his instrumentality. Among them was Joel Knight, later known as Father Knight. No wonder that the name of McKin was perpetuated in McKin Presbytery.

There was another pastor, Rev. John McCutcheon Berry who must have a word of reference, settled in Sangamon County, the only preacher of the Cumberlands in all the

northern part of the state. He fought in the battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815. While exposed to instant death, with fellow soldiers falling all around him, he promised God that if spared to return home he would serve him to the best of his ability. He had long rebelled against what he thought God's will, his preaching of the gospel. He was accustomed to say, "The 8th day of January made Andrew Jackson President and me a preacher." And then, as a true ambassador of God, he would add, "I would not swap my place for the President's."

This Mr. Berry was opposed to the liquor traffic. Indeed he was its uncompromising foe. Like every other Presbyterian pastor who has served this state during the last one hundred years, he recognized the evils connected with intemperance; and the sorrow and disgrace of intoxicating drink weighted his heart. The first temperance society of the state was organized in the First Presbyterian church of Springfield, known as "The Washingtonian Society." He spoke and labored against the sale of ardent spirits—as indeed what truly patriotic man will not do? Abraham Lincoln heard him. Abraham Lincoln was impressed by him. The time came—after Mr. Lincoln had risen to eminence as a lawyer, that a grog shop was exerting a bad influence upon some husbands. The wives of these men united their forces, assailed the shop, knocked the heads out of the barrels, broke the bottles and smashed things generally. The women were prosecuted. Then Mr. Lincoln volunteered to defend them! In the course of a forceful argument upon the evils of the use of ardent spirits, and of the traffic in them—while many in the crowded court room were bathed in tears, Mr. Lincoln turned, and pointing with his big hand toward Mr. Berry who was standing near said, "There is a man who years ago was instrumental in convincing me of the evils of the sale and use of spirituous liquors. I am glad that I ever saw him. I am glad I ever heard his testimony on this terrible subject."

It was said then as it may be said now that Mr. Berry was more honored by that testimony than he would have been if afterwards Mr. Lincoln had made him Secretary of State.

The time has now come for me to tell you the story of Aratus Kent. And what a story it is! He was of New Eng-

land stock, with the best elements of the Puritan flowing in his blood. Thoroughly educated, he was sought by several eastern churches. But he had heard of the thousands of miners and merchants living in the Mississippi Valley without church or school. Accordingly he appeared before the American Home Missionary Society and said, "Send me to a place in the west so hard that no one else will take it." The society sent him to Galena. He landed in Galena April 18th, 1829, 27 days after leaving New York City. On the river there was not another minister above St. Louis. Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota were occupied by Indians. The settlement at Chicago had not begun. Chicago was but a marsh and—the site of Ft. Dearborn. He was the first pioneer missionary of Northern Illinois. When he reached Galena there was no church of any denomination, Protestant or Catholic, within 200 miles, no Sabbath, no God recognized, and there was no communication with the rest of the world while the Mississippi was frozen. Profanity and gambling had obtained an alarming and sickening prevalence. The few who had professed religion in their more eastern homes had fallen into habits of indifference or wrong. It was a Sabbath morning when he landed. He secured a store, brushed the shavings out and started services. It took nearly 3 years of toil before he could organize a church and even then he had only six members, out of a population of some thousands of people—only two of the six living in Galena itself, the other four living out of Galena, from five to forty miles. In 1841 he was installed pastor. He was a vigorous personality. In one of his early tours, coming to a bluff that commanded an extensive view of the valley of the Mississippi, and of the prairies on either side, he dropped down from his horse, took off his hat, and with uplifted hand said aloud, "I take possession of this land for Christ!" He went everywhere to do his part in securing that possession. He had a record of travel covering 20,000 miles and 479 different places of preaching with 3,000 sermons. As early as 1843 he could say "I have been in perils of water six times, perils in the wilderness three nights, several times lost, but out of them all the Lord has delivered me." On one occasion he started to attend the Synod of Indiana which included the State of Illinois, at Vandalia, then

the capital of Illinois. One day he rode 40 miles without seeing a house; once he swam a river; once he was lost a whole day. After 19 days of travel he arrived. But the Synod had adjourned! He performed labors, endured hardships and encountered exposures for Christ which he never would have attempted for wealth or fame. It is said of him that no man has lived in the Northwest who has left behind him such an impress of his life and has influenced so many minds. He aided nine young men to study for the ministry and induced many others to be ministers. He was the first President of the Board of Trustees of Beloit College and the founder of Rockford College. He and Mrs. Kent took into their home, reared and educated 12 orphan children—all becoming useful members of society. On a salary of \$600 a year, he and Mrs. Kent for 36 years of wedded life, ordering their household without employing outside help, gave away \$7,000 and laid by a decent support for old age! An unpretentious stone marks his grave in the old cemetery at Galena—but for grandeur of conception and for magnitude of service no man in the whole ministry deserves so conspicuous a recognition as Aratus Kent.

Still another pastor should now be presented representing a different kind of work—the long time pastor who quietly abides by his flock and is not an itinerant in any respect—the Rev. Dr. Isaac Amada Cornelison of Washington. When he came into Illinois from Pennsylvania he settled at what was known as Crow Meadow in Marshall County, where government land could be bought at that time for fifty cents an acre, now worth from \$250 to \$300 per acre. Prairie chicken could be shot from a nearby fence in case of unexpected company, and a toothsome meal thus be provided in a hurry. After serving at Crow Meadow and at Low Point and at Matawan he accepted the earnest call of the church at Washington. Here he remained, with the exception of one year during which he served as pastor of the Logan Square church in Philadelphia, forty-six years. About two years before his resignation he became afflicted with blindness so that he was unable to read the Scriptures. The congregation would not consider his surrender of the pulpit and when in 1910 he did give up his work the congregation made

him Pastor Emeritus and surrounded him with love and devotion.

Two facts of his pastorate—beside its length and faithfulness—give it eminence. One is the fact of his authorship. He published two books, one “The Relation of Religion to Civil Government in the United States,” the other. “The Natural History of the Religious Feelings.” In such authorship he was representative of pastors all over the Synod who in the past century have written and issued pamphlets and books bearing upon all phases of human thought and human need. They have studied local history and preserved it in print, they have dealt with every feature of educational, moral and religious questions, and have given their views in magazines and in bound volumes. Busy as they have been with the preaching of the gospel and with the absorbing duties of the pastorate, they have made time to create a literature of large value.

Then there is this eminent fact in Dr. Cornelison’s life—his interest in ecclesiastical procedure. Together with Col. James M. Rice of Peoria Presbytery he was instrumental in bringing to the front and finally securing the adoption of, what is known as the “Peoria Overture”—an Overture that simplifies the workings of the annual General Assembly by providing for the designation of all Committees immediately upon the convening of the Assembly—with truly representative basis—so that the Assembly starts upon its work with the least possible delay. Dr. Cornelison was a dutiful and intelligent Presbyterian. He knew Presbyterian usages, and could moderate Synod with grace and firmness. He was a man of statesmanlike wisdom and he exemplified the possibility inherent in every pastorate of influencing the entire denomination. He preserved the bloom of youth into advanced years.

One single word must here be introduced concerning the Rev. William Kirkpatrick Stewart who was pastor at Vandalia while it was still the Capital of Illinois. He it was that introduced the first Protestant church bell in the whole Mississippi Valley, it is claimed. This Bell was presented to the Presbyterian congregation, Vandalia, Illinois, by Romulus

Riggs, Esq., a merchant of Philadelphia, in the name of his infant daughter, Miss Illinois Riggs, and bore the inscription:

ILLINOIS RIGGS
TO THE PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION
VANDALIA
1830

See, Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society.
Vol. 2, no. 4, Jan. 1910. P. 79.

There was the Roman Catholic house of worship at Kaskaskia with its bell, but the first Protestant bell in the Mississippi valley was that of Mr. Stewart.

I said at the outset that the Presbyterian pastor holds no lordship over his fellow ministers. Nor does he. There was one pastor in this Synod, however, who in his time exercised such commanding influence by the worthiness of his character and the wisdom of his counsel that he could truly say, "There is not a Presbyterian Church of conspicuous size within 300 miles of Chicago that has not consulted me with reference to the calling of its pastor." That man was Robert W. Patterson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago.

In a certain sense he was the child of this Synod because he was a graduate of the College founded within the Synod at Jacksonville. He came to Chicago as a licentiate in 1842. Chicago at the time was a low, muddy town of about 6,000 inhabitants, having perhaps ten or a dozen brick edifices in it of very moderate proportions, stores included. The Second Church, a new organization of 26 members, asked him to be its pastor. For three months the congregation worshipped in what was called "The City Saloon"—the name of a popular hall, before the word "Saloon" had acquired its unhealthy reputation. This very name as then used throws light upon the character of Chicago's population at that time: they were bright, active, enterprising and generally church goers, not habitues of the ordinary drinking place. With a nucleus of such material he began his work.

The slavery issue was in the air. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian minister had been shot at Alton. Various views were held as to the best method of attacking slavery. Some men believed in constant outspokenness and denunciation. Others

believed in a quieter but none the less earnest devotion to the abolition of slavery. Dr. Patterson was of this second group. He consequently exposed himself to the charge of being a pro-slavery man and was designated "the dough faced minister." But his attitude in this matter as in every other was of "the quiet, deep running sort, not fitful nor spasmodic." He was never vociferous, nor was he ever volatile. Little by little he gathered about him a band of men and women of the highest value to Chicago and to the Northwest. Stalwart in person but unobtrusive, he moulded life by his considerate wisdom. The strongest minds in Chicago sat beneath his ministry and listened with respect to his convincing statements of fundamental Christian truth. He thought deeply, he meditated extendedly, he read widely. Every phase of philosophy and of theology and of education was familiar to him. His mind was penetrating—his process was thorough. When he had finished a subject, it had been comprehensively and completely treated.

He became the most widely known man as he was the largest and ablest man in the pastorate of his day. A self-reliant and independent man, he looked with fear on any thing that seemed to limit freedom of thinking. He believed in giving to Presbyteries all possible rights and he disbelieved in denying those rights to Presbyteries by centralization of powers in the General Assembly. He felt that the Westminster Confession of Faith, admirably adapted for the age when it was constructed, 250 years ago, was cumbrous for this age and should be simplified and reduced in size. He looked for more and more light to come to Christ's Church through the leadership of the Holy Spirit, and preserved a sweet, cheery, hopeful spirit until his dying day. Perhaps he never was so loved—never so much revered, as after he had surrendered all public duties and was a man among men. His plea for the attacked had not always been successful, as when he argued that Professor Swing was entitled to more tolerant treatment than he received, and argued that condemnation would accentuate not correct, the situation—but though he saw the unfortunate effects on Presbyterianism in Chicago of the Swing trial—which it took a whole generation of years to outlive—he preserved his serenity undimmed. "Practically the whole of his

extraordinary career as pastor, ecclesiastical leader, college president, theological professor and voluminous writer for the press, was passed in this Commonwealth."

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, having touched upon the lives of several of those who in other days had glorified God and blessed the earth, exclaimed, "And what shall I say more?" So I repeat, 'What shall I say more.' For the time would fail me to tell of Jonathan Edwards and John Weston of Peoria Presbytery, of J. G. Bergen and William Logan Tarbet of Springfield Presbytery, of Wm. H. Templeton and Thomas E. Spilman of Ewing Presbytery, of James A. Piper and Garnett A. Pollock of Ottawa Presbytery, of Robert Conover and Charles N. Wilder of Bloomington Presbytery, of Thomas R. Johnson and Samuel Cleland of Rock River Presbytery, of Joseph S. Braddock and I. E. Cary of the Presbytery of Freeport, of John M. Robinson and Benjamin C. Swan of the Presbytery of Cairo, of A. T. Norton and Albert Hale of the Presbytery of Alton, of George C. Noyes and John H. Barrows of the Chicago Presbytery and of the devoted men of the Rushville and Mattoon Presbyteries.

"These all had witness borne to them through their faith.

And were men renowned for their power,

Giving counsel by their understanding.

Such as have brought tidings in prophecies.

Wise were their words in their instruction,

Men richly furnished with ability,

Living peaceably in their habitations.

All these were honored in their generations,

And were the glory of their times.

Yea, they were men of mercy,

Whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten.

Their bodies are buried in peace,

But their name liveth for evermore.

For the memorial of virtue is immortal,

Because it is known with God and with men."

Yes, known with God are those whose names have been mentioned, and known with Him also are the hundreds upon hundreds of names not mentioned, names, dear names, of His own godly ministers who in village, town and city have labored for Him, and have labored with Him, and have

helped make this earth the earth of Christ's redemption. All honor to them! They were supreme idealists. They strove to put the permanent into the individual and into society. They builded for eternity. Among all the sons of men, statesmen, warriors, inventors, there are none whose work is so imperishable as the work of those who teach and who live the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

But not to them alone be the praise. Rather let it be to the congregations, the men and women engaged in home, in farm, in shop, in store, who were the churches and who in the churches and through the churches, upheld, supported and gave power, beauty and prosperity to the work of the pastors. It is the people, the thoughtful, self-sacrificing, godly people in Presbyterianism who are the source and expression of the church of Jesus Christ; and to them, the elders, the deacons and the members of the churches be the praise, under God, for the past 100 years in the Synod of Illinois.

And I saw in spirit a great company in white robes, with palms in their hands, and with the light of the glory of God upon their faces. Then I looked for "Old Mortality"—whose mission once was so necessary—but "Old Mortality" no more could be found. Then I beheld an angel among these sanctified ones, the angel of Christ's opened sepulchre, the angel of eternal youth, and I said, "Who are these and whence came they?" And he said, "These are they who in the pulpits and in the churches of Illinois were written in the Lamb's Book of Life." And as he stood among them—their representative I said, "What is thy name? Hast thou given them thy name? And he said, I have given them My name and My name and their name is "New Immortality".